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### Choice Literature.

#### An Original Story in a Homely Frame.

George Clayton was a good tempered and well-conducted young man—taking the worldly average of temper and morals—as one would meet with among a thousand. He had served a respectable apprenticeship as a cabinet-maker to an old established firm, and at the age of twenty-five, found himself foreman of the work-shop, and in condition to "marry and settle in life." George had been born of the humblest of the middle classes, left an orphan at fourteen, and had been put out in the world by the united means of a few kind-hearted relatives, who wisely thought that pity and Christian sympathy would be much more valuable if rendered practical, by giving the lad a little moral looking after, and a trade—and George well repaid them. He grew into a sober and industrious man, and managed to save a hundred pounds during the four years he was courting Emma Seale, a very nice looking, fine hearted girl, and the sister of one of his shopmates, who seemed to possess all the qualities most desirable in the wife of an artisan. They seemed well suited to each other, but George had a feeling, it was that of being somewhat overbearing and exacting where he could control; and Emma had a spot in her side, it was in being apt to become silent and sensitively reserved if any mortifying incident jostled against her spirit; but there seemed every probability of their forming a very contented couple; and when he stood at the altar, one fine day morning, in his blue surcoat, with Emma beside him, in her neat gray silk, the clergyman had a private opinion that they were a remarkable good looking pair. A pleasant little dinner at the bride's father's, and a ramble in the shrubs, filled up the sunny hours, and that day two months we saw him snugly ensconced in a pretty, four roomed house, in the neighborhood of Camden town. Cleanliness and comfort pervaded the domicile, with Emma as the sole presiding spirit, blending in her own proper person, cook, housemaid, and page. Everything went on smoothly for some few months; her whole attention was given to George, for she loved him truly and fondly. Emma was perfectly happy, but as the long winter nights came on, and George sometimes staid at his Mechanics' Institute, or had a clasp with a friend until ten o'clock, why, Emma began to find it a little dull; and as her husband had entreated that she would form no gossiping intimacy with her neighbors, sewing, scribbling, and washing became somewhat monotonous.

George belonged to an amateur musical society, and when he did come home soon, generally sat down to practice a quartette part on the violin; unfortunately, his wife had no great love for music, but she bore his scraping and squeaking bravely, and even managed to appear delighted with his efforts, though she would often have preferred a game at cribbage, or a walk or a little riding; however, she never interfered with his will and pleasure, and George bled a way to his heart's content. It so happened, that Emma's brother Harry dropped in two or three times when his sister was alone, he found her rather mopey; and the next time he came, he brought under his arm a very pretty spaniel. "Here, Emma," said he, "you are a good deal by yourself, and I thought that this little fellow would serve to amuse you, and be a sort of company when George is out; I know how fond you are of dogs, and I'm sure you'll soon like this one." Emma was, of course, pleased and gratified with the gift, and gave her brother an extra kiss as he went. The next evening the dog passed much more cheerfully, though she had only a stupid little long-eared "bow-wow" to talk to, and she sat with glancing eyes, expecting George, being sure that he would be as pleased with Tiny as she was.

When the young husband came home, he was received with the accustomed kind words and comfortable meal, and due presentation of Tiny; but George frowned on the little animal with a look of supreme contempt, and angrily said, "What do you want with that beast? haven't you got enough to employ you without a dog? you had better give it back to Harry to-morrow—I won't have it here." These few words turned poor Emma's heart into an icicle; and, if we might reveal the secret thoughts that flashed across her brain, we should tell of a momentary impression that George was unkind and somewhat tyrannical, but she smothered her feeling, and said nothing. They were kept for a day or two, but when George saw Emma caress it, or give it food, he betrayed symptoms of ridiculous and pettish jealousy, which rendered her unhappy, and, at last, Tiny was given back to Harry. "Well," said her brother, as he took the animal, "I did not think that George was so selfish; you are all day long by yourself, and he goes to his club, and 'Mechanics' three or four times a week, and does everything he likes, and yet he won't let you have a little dog to keep you company. I think he is very unkind, Emma, but you mustn't mind it."

# Spirit of the Age.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Temperance, Morality, Literature, Agriculture and General Intelligence.

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### Communication.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MY UNCLE ELIJAH.

The following facts may amuse some whose eye may chance to rest upon them. When I was a child, I used to spend many a long and happy day with those dear relatives who are the subjects of this sketch. My Uncle and Aunt were descendants of that noble race called the "Pigmy Fathers." They were beloved and respected by all who knew them; and exemplified the faith of their fathers, by a strict adherence to virtue, Benevolence, Purity, and Patriotism. We were all sitting one evening around the fire, when one of us asked my Uncle whether he thought that dreams were ominous of future events?

"My friend," he replied, "we read in the Sacred Scriptures of some instances where dreams and visions were given in dream-land, as they were often called, the visions of the night. But I think it wrong to suffer dreams to disturb the mind in such a manner as to render us unhappy, and unfit us for the duties of life. During my lifetime I have had two dreams, which I felt at the time were ominous of the events that followed. The first happened soon after the commencement of the Revolutionary War—I was in the habit of visiting Boston twice a year, to purchase goods. I resided in Berkshire County, and started from home with my wife and child, who were to spend the time of my absence with my friend in Hampshire. The night of our arrival I dreamed I was pursuing my journey, and arrived at the great bridge over the Connecticut River, at Springfield. When I had gained the middle of the bridge, the half before me fell and floated down the stream, leaving me in such peril, that one step more must have plunged me into an awful eternity; when lo! my beautiful and spirited horse gave a sudden leap, and landed me safely on the opposite bank. Under the excitement I awoke, with the dream indelibly stamped on my memory."

"The next morning I continued my journey and arrived in safety at Boston. I remained there about a week, transacting business, when I was suddenly arrested and thrown into prison, on suspicion of being an enemy to my country, without being allowed to make any defence, or justify myself, and prove the accusation false. These were times that tried men's souls. I was by no means a solitary instance of such injustice. I was confined in a loathsome cell, without any of the comforts of life, for three weeks, without half food enough to support nature; not permitted to write to my friends or see any one. One night while sitting in my gloomy abode, I heard a quivering voice approaching the passage leading to my room. On stepping to the door, I beheld through the grate two men, bringing up a rough coffin, and placing it opposite the door. That, I exclaimed to myself, is no doubt for me; they hope to starve me to death in this dreadful place, and I shall no more behold my beloved wife and child. My feelings are better imagined than described. It was a night of horrors, never to be forgotten."

#### The Fary of the Conflict.

We saw, a short time since, a picture of the battle of Waterloo, presenting the moment when the two mighty armies were in the utmost fury of the conflict, and men were rushing with terrific rage upon the deadly weapons arrayed against them, and struggling with giant strength to overcome amid falling thousands. It was no painted picture, we thought, of the powers of alcohol and the cold water armies now in the field, and struggling, as men never have struggled before in any moral conflict. Burning indignation has roused the resistance of half the nation to the ravages of that bloody Apollyon who has filled cities and towns with his carnage; and the mighty tread of public sentiment, to expiate and drive him from the land, has brought him forth with all his fury, with hell following, and now we see them hand to hand, breast to breast, each for life and for death, and how the struggle is to terminate is yet in the future. While we were moving on under the silken banner of moral suasion, and in honeyed accents laboring to persuade the liquor seller to give up his murderous traffic, he admired our zeal, but laughed at the bounding of our weapons as they touched his thick, scaly sides. But the Maine Law, as it comes to put on the grapple, and send the steel into his very heart, is not to be trifled with; and hence his rally, and his fury. And it is amazing who are enlisted on his side; who stand aloof, neutral; who question the Constitutionality and right of our proceedings, and who even plead for an unlimited liberty to his horrid ravages. In ourselves we have never had but one opinion of the end. We know that this terrific power, this Apollyon, this prince of Death and Hell, is to be vanquished. How and when we say not—only it is to be with weapons drawn from the armory of God. We stand like one, who, on some lofty eminence, might have been favored with a vision of that mighty struggle, seeing the end from the beginning, the rush of armies, falling of thousands, the coming of Blucher, the final rout; and watch movement after movement, sometimes defeat, and sometimes victory, but always confident that truth, righteousness, and humanity will prevail. Now, a shrewd political movement; now a grave biblical question; and now, a great Constitutional difficulty rise up like a high mountain or unconquerable fortress, and many feel alarmed and dispirited; but more are they that are for us than they that are against us; we stand by and see them dissolve and disappear, only to give place to some other opposing column, which in time must pass away; for we are mightier than our foes, for truth is with us, humanity pleads, and God will help. Courage, then, friends of temperance. Be not dismayed. Hold on, and hold out. He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. We may not witness the final overthrow, but they who do, will bless our memories, and praise him who gives the victory.

#### CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.—M. James Batson, of Aairdrie, says: Gum Copal when dissolved in chloroform, forms an excellent compound for stuffing the holes of decayed teeth. I have used it very frequently, and the benefits my patients have derived from it have been truly astonishing. The application is simple and easy. I clean out the hole, and moisten a little piece of cotton with solution; I introduce this into the decayed part, and in every instance the relief has been almost instantaneous. The chloroform removes the pain, and the gum copal resists the action of the saliva; and as the application is so agreeable, those who may labor under this dreadful malady would do well to make a trial of it.

#### MASTERY INACTIVITY.—Two or three years ago some writers were tracing the origin of the idea used by Mr. Calhoun in his words, 'masterly inactivity,' ascribing it to Sir James McIntosh, and Edmund Burke. Perhaps it's first found expression in the 7th verse of the xxxth chapter of Isaiah: 'For the Egyptians shall help in vain, and to no purpose; therefore have I omitted concerning them, their strength is to sit still.'

had been waiting the result. On seeing that their plans had failed, and that I was standing erect and unharmed, one of them ordered the Sheriff to take me to Great Barrington jail, which was then the seat of the courts; and the order was immediately executed. I remained there only a short time; as those misguided men learnt too late, they had better have listened to my advice. I received an honorable discharge and the cordial sympathies of my friends."

We thanked Uncle Elijah for amusing us with his dreams, and one of the number never forgot them nor the adventures of the Good Old Man.

Tennessee.  
A State Temperance Convention was held at Nashville, on the 22d ult., Col. W. F. Doherty, President, and a long list of eminent citizens for Vice Presidents and Secretaries. The best spirit prevailed, and the voice of the delegates from the various counties was almost unanimously in favor of the Maine Law. Among the resolutions adopted we find the following:

Resolved—That, in our opinion, all laws licensing the traffic, instead of prohibiting it, entirely, are insufficient, demoralizing, and fatal to the public peace, and that unrestricted trade in the articles complained of would be even more dangerous, demoralizing and fatal; that we therefore see no other alternative for the protection and safety against them but total prohibition as a beverage for sale, with safeguards and penalties of a suitable character attached.

Resolved—That, in the several decisions against the acts of some of the States, on this subject, we nowhere find the principle of 'Legislative prohibition' assailed, the objections being confined to the mode of enforcing it; that the practical operation of said principle which is right in theory as we believe, has proved a triumph, having failed nowhere; that this triumph justifies the renewed energy and effort of its friends; that we regard the law of the State of Maine, embodying this principle, and its operation, as mainly satisfactory and worthy of imitation; and that it is our opinion that our fellow-citizens throughout the State, when they shall have examined the merits of this subject, and become disabused of the erroneous and false impressions made upon them by the unadvised, by partisans, and also by the grog-shop interest at home and abroad, in regard to this measure and its operation elsewhere, will sustain and forward the movement now making in this State also, by a large majority and with great unanimity.

The East Tennessee Temperance Convention at Knoxville on the 18th ult. was well attended, and spirited Resolutions were adopted in favor of the Maine Law. And it was determined to support temperance candidates for the Legislature. Two delegates were appointed to come to Nashville at the next Legislature, to urge the passage of a prohibitory act.

Georgia.  
The Georgia State Temperance Convention, held at Atlanta, on the same day, was a grand and imposing assembly of the most able and patriotic men in that truly gallant State. That Convention, with great unanimity, agreed upon a law submitting the question of license or no license to the Counties and ordering that no license shall issue until the qualified voters of each Military District in a county shall vote in favor of the traffic.

A BEAUTIFUL PASSAGE.—We find, in the 'Home Book of the Picturesque,' the following beautiful passage by Washington Irving: "And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate which are too often made the subject of repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints and fleecy whiteness, and send down showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter, with us, has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms, but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intense lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous outburst of our springs, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vigorous with life; and the splendour of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun gild clouds, piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gust of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellying thunder volleys from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forest the golden serenity of the sky. Surely we may say that in our climate 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth forth his handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.'

A GENTLEMAN who had, by a fall, broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstances and describing the pain he felt. He was asked if the injury he sustained was near the vertebrae. "No sir," he replied, "it was within a few yards of the Court House."

A GENTLEMAN hearing that a literary pretender, with a 'plentiful lack of wit,' had been seized with a brain fever, dryly observed, "O! the thing is impossible."

"Why impossible?" asked his informant. "Because," was the reply, "there is no foundation for the fever or the report."

Afterwards learned that one of the accomplices of Shay had promised the Indian a gallon of rum if he would kill me, having given him enough of the fire water, as he called it, to intoxicate him.

After the report of the gun, several men, together with the Landlord, who had conspired with them, came to the room, all of whom

### Original Story.

Written for the Spirit of the Age—Raleigh.  
THE TORY'S DAUGHTER,  
And the Haunted Cave.

BY WILL: WILLOWILL.

CHAPTER VII.  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of rebuke, that words are strokes,  
And strokes, death to her. SHAKESPEARE.  
"Columbine," said Mr. Greenwood, one day, when he had raised his eyes from a half-perused letter, "Columbine, did you know that Baptiste Howard had joined the Whigs?"

"Yes, Sir, I had heard it," said the daughter. "Who told you, girl—and why did you not tell me?" enquired her father hastily.

"He told me of the fact himself, replied the blushing girl, 'and I did not expect it would be of any particular interest to you to know it.' 'There you are mistaken, girl; do you not know it is of interest to me to be apprised of my foes and the foes of my King? I once thought Baptiste was a good and loyal subject of His Majesty and withal a fine fellow.' 'So he is a fine fellow,' replied Columbine hastily.

"Don't you dare to advocate the cause of the Whigs, girl, or to speak a word favorable to one of the vile rebels," said her father, colouring with rage.

"Oh! as to that," said the daughter, "I am a whig myself, sir," and she put on a proud and haughty look.

"What! exclaimed Greenwood, 'does my own child have the audacity to tell me that she is an enemy to my King, and would dare to fight against his cause in the Colonies?' 'Who is the King, Pa, that I should love or fear him?' replied Columbine with mingled heroism and irony.

"He is our royal master, to whom all good subjects are bound to make their obedience to his royal behest, and bow the knee of submission to his sovereign mandates," answered the old Tory.

Upon that point we may honestly differ, Pa; you may think it your duty to obey King George, and your privilege to bow at his feet and court his royal pleasure; but for me, and Columbine raised her voice to a higher and sterner pitch, 'but for me I low to none save the King of high Heaven as a duty, and seek no privilege of living other than where the people alone are the sovereigns of the land.'

"Ah! girl," said Mr. Greenwood, 'with feelings of mingled regret and rage, 'you have been taking lessons under that vile rebel, Howard; if it was not that you were grown to womanhood I would teach you gratitude to your King by a little stern and well timed chastisement; but your rebel lover, Baptiste, has imbued you with his vile sentiments until there would be no beating it out of you. One thing I am prepared to say, girl; and that is, you must forget the traitor; for he shall never enter my house again—I will kill him if he ever dares to intrude upon us again! The cowardly fellow!"

"Ah! father," said Columbine, with a clear tear in her eye, 'I fear I shall never again see him, of whom you speak so harshly and so disrespectfully; for I fear he will fall in the stern struggle for Liberty, and sacrifice his loved body on the altar of freedom and human rights!'

"Be gone, you little rebel," stormed her enraged father, "and let me hear no more of your Whig slang and traitorous principles!"

Columbine hastened away as she was commanded, but was almost immediately called back by her father to be teased about Baptiste and the Whig principles.

"Now, continued Mr. Greenwood, if Baptiste was as brave and as good as Robin Eastman, I would not object to your loving him and even marrying him if it was your wish; the fact is I never was pleased with your discarding him in the first place, for Howard, if Howard was true and loyal to his King he would merit my esteem and approbation, and since he has taken up arms against His Majesty, who we should all love and reverence, he has shown himself unworthy of us all. Robin Eastman is true to the cause of his King and will do good service on the side of England. Poor fellow, I am truly sorry to learn from a letter I have just been reading from the Captain, that Eastman has already begun to reap the rewards of a soldier's life; a severe wound across the arm with a sabre from an unknown assassin, together with a heavy charge of lead in his back received at the 'Maiden's Gap,' which will of course disable him from active service for some time. It is a great pity; for Robin is a brave fellow."

"The shot in the back is a running proof of his bravery, isn't it, Pa?" enquired Columbine, with a half-suppressed smile, for which sally she was sent away, leaving her father to his studies.

Columbine went about her domestic duties without making any reply to her father's remark respecting the sabre cut on Eastman's arm. She was engaged in the kitchen preparing the usual meal for the day, when a little boy cautiously stole up to the door, and asked if Columbine Greenwood lived there. She replied that she was Columbine, and he slipped a neatly folded note in her hand. She eagerly grasped, and asked the boy who it was from.

"Baptiste Howard," said the boy, and hurried away.

She broke the seal with a trembling hand, while her innocent heart struggled in her bosom, yearning for the glad tidings from her lover, which she was sure she would find traced in its ardent lines; breathing his wondrous love and fondness that she used to hear when they sat together, or roamed the mountain paths. She rapidly ran her eyes over the following lines:

DEAR COLUMBINE.—Forget me! I forever, forever forget me; for I am basely disgraced! Any thought spent by you upon me in future will only attach the foul odium of dishonor to your fair and guileless name. Think no longer of an union with me; for I survive the war I hope I am not so lost to honor as to wish to unite your destiny with mine, and make you an innocent partner of my infamy and disgrace! Please forget your name, and I am now ruined, BAPTISTE.

CHAPTER VIII.  
Amidst the dull cares that surround us in life,—  
In the moments of bliss that illumine our way,—  
When the bosom is torn with contention and strife,  
Or thrilled with delight at the scenes we survey;  
Oh! blest is the man, who can freely repose  
In the heart of a friend all his joys and his woes!  
J. T. WATSON.

"Alas! my dear friend, Lavinia, I have been so unhappy for the last two days I am almost crazy," said Columbine Greenwood to Lavinia Welby, as they sat upon the green bank of a narrow meadow watered by a wild, dashing rill, that commenced its merry race at a clear spring a few yards above.

"Why what in the bright world can render you unhappy? I thought you were always happy as the lark in the meadow, Columbine; you are always singing so much like its sweet morning carol—what can trouble your little heart pray?" enquired the gay Lavinia, laughing and urging her friend to tell her of the sorrow.

"Ah! my friend, I know you have a heart to pity me—I received a letter, two days ago, from Baptiste."

"And that renders you unhappy? Pshaw! what a curious girl you are, Columbine; I am sure if I had a lover and he was in the army I would love to get letters from him, and that right often too. Cheer up, my friend; I know I would not be unhappy if I were in your place—cheer up; a brighter day is coming; you know the war will come to an end sometime, and you will see Baptiste again and you will be so happy!"